

## Plan for Storing Cotton

Below we give the details of a plan, known as the Wilmington plan, for storing cotton in each small town where cotton is marketed:

The Secretary of the Treasury has practically endorsed the plan by agreeing to accept warehouse receipts from any responsible warehouse company issuing, and the main features of the plan are re-stated here for your convenience.

First: Each cotton town, through community effort, provide warehouse facilities adequate to store and protect one-half of the crop normally marketed at such place.

Second: These warehouses to be frame structures of the capacity of 600 bales of cotton, properly constructed as respects insurance requirements, and controlled by a company legally authorized to issue negotiable receipts.

Third: Local banks to make liberal advances on cotton so stored and insured, and to use their national bank correspondents to re-discount this cotton paper.

The Insurance Companies to meet the situation are prepared to insure cotton at a special rate of \$1.75 on the \$100.00 per year, under the following requirements:

"Not more than 600 bales to be stored in any one warehouse; warehouses to be separated by at least 100 feet from any other building, and 50 feet from railroad track; buildings to be one story high, sides and ends to be constructed of weather boarding spark and weather proof, and painted or whitewashed on outside metal on roof.

standard ventilator in roof buildings not to have wooden floors, but scantlings may be used on which to store cotton; not less than six casks to each warehouse to be kept filled with water and to be served by two buckets for each cask; not less than two 5-foot doors three feet apart at both ends of buildings, and more doors if possible; cotton can be stored on end or otherwise in discretion of warehousemen."

It will be seen from the above that these requirements are at once simple and inexpensive, and the rate of insurance very low. It is understood that this rate applies only on the character of building above described, and for your information will say that a warehouse of 3,000 square feet floor space will provide for 600 bales of cotton piled two high, and should cost about \$1.00 per bale space or \$600.00.

The Wilmington Plan provides for the establishment of these small inexpensive warehouses at numerous points with the double view of more effectively keeping cotton off the market and protecting the trade of each locality, for it must be obvious that if the cotton is stored only in large centers business would be attracted to these points at the cost of local interests.

It will be observed that the 600-bale warehouse is the unit prescribed by the insurance companies, but where frame buildings already exist suitable for storage purposes the same insurance rate will prevail provided not more than 600 bales of cotton are stored in one place.

The General Government has done all in its power to provide means for protecting the cotton crop, and it is now squarely up to the South to avail itself of the means so provided. It is worse than futile—it may be fatal—for

## From The Was

Paris, Sept. 3.—A proclamation has just been issued by the government announcing that the government departments will be transferred temporarily to Bordeaux.

The proclamation was issued by the minister of the interior, who said the decision had been taken solely upon the demand of the military authorities because the fortified places of Paris, while not necessarily likely to be attacked, would become the pivot of the field operations of the two armies.

The building of supplementary defence works is proceeding vigorously.

London, Sept. 4, 1:15 p. m.—In historic Guild Hall, Premier Asquith today started a crusade to stimulate enlistment. He has called upon every able-bodied Briton of military age to come to the help of his country.

The premier opened his address with the heartening announcement that up to today between 250,000 and 300,000 recruits had responded to the call. "We now find ourselves involved with the whole strength of this empire in a bloody arbitrament of might versus right," the premier declared, that has been entered into with clear judgment and a clear conscience.

## An Underfed Editor

Hardly a week passes that some well fed sleek and fat gourmand does not wander into our bleak and desolate sanctum and begin a conversation with "you show oughter been with us" Farmer So-and-so. "I go on to tell our cadaverous and hungry self about the good things to eat that the good farmer had served to a party of friends. This conversation always ends with a "editor, you show got to write this up—it was the best thing I ever attended." And then he buttons his palm beach coat around his emboppment and walks out with that cat that ate the canary smile. Still hungry, we write 'em up, but we ain't never at one o' them country dinners yit."—Ex.

## Buck Refused to Smoke

Wadesboro Ansonian

—The "Hon." Buck Newton proved conclusively yesterday that he is not as big a fool as some folks take him to be. Some of the "boys" bought a loaded cigar and gave it to Buck and waited around to see him smoke it up to the powder. Presently the cigar "went out" and one of innocent bystanders seemed a little too anxious to re-light it. This aroused Buck's suspicions and going to the door he threw the tricky cigar away saying that as he didn't feel very well he would not smoke any more at the present.

us to look for further governmental aid, either National or State. The National Government can do nothing more than liberalize the banking and currency laws, which it is disposed to do to the fullest extent, while State remedy would necessarily be so slow as to be unavailing for the present emergency.

It must appeal to every intelligent man that the mere fact of ability to store cotton at every marketing point would of itself exert a powerful influence on prices, for the farmer or merchant having the option to store or sell at will would be in position to force buyers to bid up the market in order to obtain supplies.

## If Two Be Three, What's Five?

In a recent issue of a local paper is this question, emanating so said, from Atlanta:

"If a third of six were three what would a fourth of 20 be?"

This is said to be not a catch, but a bona fide problem in mathematics, and that the answer is 7 1-2.

It is not a bona-fide problem, nor yet can I say that it is of sufficient dignity to be called a catch. The question is simply absurd and there is no answer to it. It is as absurd as if the question were asked, "If a goose were a brick house what would a railroad be?"

A goose is not a brick house, and a railroad has no relation to either.

The question is asked, "If two were three, what would five be?" In the first place, two are not three; in the second place, five would be five, under any and all circumstances. Two are two; three are three; five are five; they are of the prime immovables. Conditions cannot affect them, or make them other than they are.

If two were three, three would be two. Then, if calculation be made as the man makes it who says 5 would be 7 1-2, 5 would be 3 1-2 as well as 7 1-2. Through absurdity, all of it.

This so-called problem was in my arithmetic when I was a boy; I did not know any better than to think it a genuine one. Also there was this concatenation of absurdities.

"If two be three, and four be five, and 6 1-2 be 11, what's the third of 26, and the fourth of 27?" (A darned lot more rhyme than reason.) "I answered to this riot of unreason I have forgotten; the maker of the arithmetic had some answer which was as absurd as the question. We should be careful, when we think, to be sure we think, and not merely think we think. Two are two; three are three; and five are five; and all the suppositions in the universe cannot make them other than they are.

There is a story of that funny wise man, Abraham Lincoln, which is not inapt. Some of the big men came to him, proposing certain actions, which involved the consideration of a matter in other than its true light.

"But," said Lincoln, "that is not."

"We know it is not so, but just call it so."

Said Lincoln, "You see that cow of mine grazing on the white house lawn: how many legs has she?"

"Four," answered the big men.

"Well, suppose we call her tail a leg, then how many legs will she have?"

"Five," said the big men.

"You are wrong," chuckled Lincoln, "she would have but four; calling her tail a leg doesn't make it a leg."

(Problem respectfully referred back to Atlanta.)

Perry Benson in Augusta Chronicle.

## Route 1 Items

Mr. Edward Plyler and Miss Esther Mills were married Saturday night by Notary Public J. L. Griggs at his home.

Mr. John Richardson has recently lost two fine hogs that would have netted him at least 500 pounds each.

Miss Annie and Desdine Lowery, of Altan, spent from Friday until Sunday in this community.

## The Missouri Mule

Will the Missouri mule be drafted for service in Europe? Will this patient, oft maligned beast of burden pull the heavy cannon and keep the commissary department close to the men with appetites, or will the motor take his place?

Across the veldt in South Africa, where Boer met Briton, the Missouri mule patiently pulled the guns and the supply wagons for each. Buyers hunted the animals out of the pastures of Missouri, and boats waited in Southern ports for railway trains racing to get more mules to the front.

It was the same in the war with Spain, when the Missouri mule was drafted and later distributed over Cuba and Porto Rico there, beneath the tropical sun, to wear away his days, if he escaped the dangers of war.

Raising mules in Missouri is a fine art and is one of the big industries of the State. Whether fate decrees he shall tramp the cotton fields of Georgia or take service with the armies in lands beyond the sea, the mule assumes his burdens and perform his daily duty. If his master be appreciative he may have pleasant days but mule history is written mostly in sorrow.

If there be a call from the land of the Slav the Missouri mule will go into new and strange lands. His is ever the duty of bearing burdens for man. In war or peace that duty remains his portion.—Cleveland Dealer.

## At 90 Seeks Seventh Wife.

"I'm looking for my seventh wife," sang Uncle Bob Knox, a can war, when told that the jury had freed him from Mrs. Knox, 6th, on the ground of desertion, at Dalton, Ga., a few days ago.

The old man then proceeded to quote an original poem, in which he told of his search for a seventh wife. "Home is a mighty poor place without a woman in it," he said when asked if he really intended marrying a seventh time.

After making this evasive answer he refused to discuss his plans, but it is rumored that he is in the center of the carpet and is looking around for the favored lady.

## How It Happened

In a certain little Southern town there lives an old negro who is regarded as quite an oracle by the other members of his race. No matter what occurs, he can always tell them all about it and how it happened. Like all negroes, he loves high-sounding words and uses them in and out of season.

Several years ago an earthquake shook the town up pretty badly and almost scared the colored population into fits and provoked a great deal of discussion as to what caused the phenomena.

The question was put square up to Uncle Zack, the oracle, and this is how he explained it, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned:

"You see, hit's lak dis; about once in so often, de atmosphere happens ter come inter vi'lent contac' wid de hemisphere, an, dat jes' natchelly makes de earthquake."

"This towel is disgraceful," declared the drummer at the mining camp hotel.

"Boss," said the colored porter, "75 men done wiped dey han's on dat towel dis mawnin' and you is de first to complain."

## Mr. Butler Funderburk Dead.

Mr. Butler Funderburk of the Tradesville section, died during the early hours of Wednesday morning, after an illness which has disabled him for several years. Mr. Funderburk was one of the most prominent men in his section, having been a wide awake, progressive farmer all of his life and was born in the section where he died about 62 years ago. He was an upright citizen and a christian gentleman. He was a member of the Baptist church. He was married in early life to Miss Alice Funderburk, daughter of the late Armstrong Funderburk, who predeceased him. His immediate relatives who survive him are three sons, Messrs. Bunyan, Claud and Reuben Funderburk and three daughters, Mrs. Wesley Rowell and Misses Daisy and May Funderburk. His remains were laid to rest in the graveyard at Spring Hill church yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, after services conducted by Rev. B. F. Carson.—Lancaster News.

## A Strange Liquor Advertisement.

The following advertisement appeared in the Rockingham Rocket 25 years ago. The Rockingham Post reproduced it a few days ago:

"Don't drink. It is a most pernicious habit, and, if you follow it, sooner or later, it will utterly ruin you, in health, in fortune, in intellect and in character. All it requires is a little time. Therefore, I say unto you, Let It Alone. But if you will insist on traveling the downward and advice you had better Come and See Me, at my bar on Washington street, where I keep a full stock of the purest and best whiskies, brandies wines, beer, ale, cigars, chewing tobacco, etc. If you live where it is not convenient to call on me, remember I ship goods by express. Temperately yours, W. A. McDonald."

## Mule Killed

Yesterday afternoon, a mule belonging to Mr. A. Carter Adams, and driven to the buggy by one of his croppers, Jim Barnes, colored, was instantly killed under peculiar circumstances. The mule became frightened at an approaching automobile, some 50 yards away and turned suddenly around in the road, breaking one of the shafts of the buggy, the broken shaft stuck in the mule's side, producing almost instant death. The accident occurred about a mile north of this place on the Charlotte road. The mule was a valuable animal.—Lancaster News.

## The Death Rate

Ed. Howe's Monthly.

The population of the world is about 1,623,300,000 persons.

The average age of all persons at death is 33 years.

Total of 47,372,727 persons annually.

Total of 908,516 persons die weekly.

Total of 126, 788 persons die daily.

Total of 5,308 persons die hourly.

Nearly ninety persons die every minute.

About three persons die every two seconds.

The remarkable rate of deaths would entirely depopulate New York city, containing 4,766,833 persons, in about five weeks.

It would depopulate Chicago, with its 1,059,519 people, in about eight days.

Sixty persons died while you were reading this item.

## How To Use The Bible.

When in sorrow, read John 14. When men fail you, read Psalm 51.

When you worry, read Matthew 6; 19-34.

Before church service, read Psalm 84.

When you are in danger, read Psalm 91.

When you have the blues, read Psalm 34.

When God seems far away, read Psalm 139.

When you are discouraged, read Isaiah 40.

If you want to be fruitful, read John 15.

When doubts come upon you, try John 7: 17.

When you are lonely or fearful, read Psalm 23.

When you forget your blessings, read Psalm 103.

For Jesus' idea of a christian, read Matthew 5.

For James' idea of religion, read James 1: 19-27.

When your faith needs stirring, read Hebrews 11.

When you feel down and out, read Romans 8: 31-39.

When you want courage for your task, read Joshua 1.

When the world seems bigger than God read Psalm 90.

When you want rest and peace, read Matthew 11: 25-30.

When you want christian assurance, read Romans 8: 1-30.

For Paul's secret of happiness, read Colossians 3: 12-17.

When you leave home for labor or travel, read Psalm 121.

When you grow bitter or critical, read 1 Corinthians 13.

When your prayers grow narrow or selfish, read Psalm 67.

For Paul's idea of christianity, read Romans 12.

For Paul's rules how to get along with men, read Romans 12.

When you think of investments and returns, read Mark 10: 17 31.

For a great invitation and a great opportunity, read Isaiah 55.

For Jesus' idea of prayer, read Luke 11: 1-13, Matthew 6: 5-15.

For the prophets picture of worship that counts, read Isaiah 68: 1-2.

Why not follow Psalm 119: 11 and hide some of these in your memory?

## Gunmen in Congress.

Once there was elected to congress a democrat who had been tried for murder and acquitted. As the case had been given national and even international publicity, some of the other democrats in the house met one evening, and had a discussion as to whether or not it would blight the sturdy followers of Thomas Jefferson to have in their midst a legislator who had been suspected of taking human life, says the Popular Magazine.

Martin W. Littleton, who attended the conference, devoted a lot of time to listening to the various arguments. Finally one of the leaders turned to him and asked:

"Martin, has congress a constitutional right to exclude this fellow from the house?"

Littleton rose to his feet and displayed a list of names.

"I wouldn't bother about the constitutional law on the subject," he said smoothly. "But, while you gentlemen have been discussing this profound detail, I have made a list of nine democratic members of this house, each of whom has killed from one to three men. I'll read you the list."

That ended the argument.